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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE P.O.A.U. ON THE PAPAL ELECTION

ANYONE WHO FOLLOWED the newspapers after the death of the Pope could not help but be struck, we think, by the statements made by Protestant and Jewish leaders. Formal expressions of regret would probably have been forthcoming on any such occasion. In this case, however, many of the statements made by non-Catholic religious leaders went far beyond formality in expressing the warmth of their feeling for Pope Pius XII, a fact which only made a later statement by the organization called Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State even more jarring than it would normally have been.

In a letter to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles written shortly after the Pope's death, the P.O.A.U.'s executive director, Glenn L. Archer, charged that Cardinals Spellman, Mooney and McIntyre would violate American law by participating in the election of a new Pope, and he called on Mr. Dulles and the American consul in Rome to act "for the enforcement of American law in dealing with American citizens, while they are abroad, who unlawfully vote in foreign elections." In support of its position, the P.O.A.U. cited that section of the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 which says that a citizen "shall lose his nationality by . . . voting in a political election in a foreign state or participating in an election or plebescite to determine the sovereignty over foreign territory."

"It is commonly recognized," said the P.O.A.U.'s Mr. Archer, "that the Pope is head of a foreign state. American cardinals have no more right to vote for him than other American citizens have the right to vote for Fanfani or Adenauer, and retain their citizenship. The crucial question here is whether we will permit certain churchmen to perform acts of allegiance to a foreign state when we forbid such dual loyalty to other citizens. . . . Since 1940 the courts have deprived many Americans of citizenship for violations which are far less overt and definite than the casting of a ballot for a Pope."

COMING AT THE TIME it did, the P.O.A.U. attack was startling. As far as the substance of the statement itself is concerned, however, there was nothing new at all. On questions of this nature, it seems to us, the general P.O.A.U. position is readily summarized: it will grant that a Catholic can be a good American—if only he will cease being a Catholic. This latest move, which would keep American Catholics from having any voice in the selection of a new Pope, is just one more example of this attitude.

Acceptance by Catholics of the Bishop of Rome as the successor of St. Peter and of his authority on matters of faith and morals is one of the great differences between Protestants and Catholics. Neither the P.O.A.U. nor any other organization has the right to say that Catholics must embrace the Protestant position on this in order to be good citizens—unless the Constitution is to be rewritten along P.O.A.U. lines.

If the P.O.A.U. wants American Catholics to say they recognize no higher loyalty than that to the government of the United States, Catholics cannot, of course, give that assurance. Neither could any American with a genuine religious commitment, Protestant, Catholic or Jew. To say otherwise is to debase religion. Catholics can and do say, however, that they have no political loyalty higher than that to their own country, and this they have demonstrated time and time again since the Republic was founded.

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In its letter to Mr. Dulles the P.O.A.U. noted that "it is commonly recognized" that the Pope is the head of the Vatican State. This is a fact, of course, but it is even more commonly recognized that the Pope is preeminently the head of the Catholic Church on earth. When the American Cardinals cast their votes in the papal election, they will be voting to fill this office. That the man chosen as Pope will automatically be the head of the Vatican State is quite subsidiary—a fact we imagine the P.O.A.U. knows as well as we do. To say that a vote by an American Cardinal in the papal election is the same as a vote by an American citizen in an Italian or German election strikes us as disingenuous at best and dishonest at worst.

The truth is, of course, that the independent status of the Vatican is a great blessing, and it is one for which American Catholics are perhaps particularly grateful. One does not have to have much imagination to picture what the P.O.A.U. would say if the Vatican did not have its own territory but if instead the Pope were a citizen of some other country. The plain fact, we think, is that the P.O.A.U. wants to have things both ways.

If the question is one of selecting a new Pope, as in this instance, the P.O.A.U. stresses the fact that the man chosen as Pope will be head of a state. If the question is one of sending a U.S. ambassador to that state, the P.O.A.U. will dismiss the reality of the state and emphasize the fact that the Pope is preeminently the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Either way, the heads of the P.O.A.U. must figure, they can't lose.

We believe they are wrong, on two counts. For one thing, we think they underestimate the spirit of the American people. For another, we do not think there is a court in the country which would hold that the intent of the law cited included a ban on voting for a new Pope.

We have no fears, then, that American Cardinals will lose their citizenship or be barred from participating in the papal election. We do have real fears, though, about what this kind of thing can do to the religious climate in America. For this reason we would point out to Catholics that the P.O.A.U. is already considered an extremist group by many non-Catholics and that this sentiment is likely to be strengthened by the tone and timing of this latest P.O.A.U. statement. In discussions of this isssue Catholics should remember that the P.O.A.U. itself only claims to have "more than 100,000 supporters." It certainly does not speak for the majority of American Protestants, or of what it calls "other Americans" either, for that matter.

BACK TO THE BRINK?

THERE HAVE BEEN several significant developments since the Quemoy crisis was last treated in these pages. Yielding to the increasing pressure of adverse criticism from our allies and from many Americans as well, Secretary of State Dulles and the Administration responded quickly to the Chinese Communists' suspension of the bombardment of Quemoy.

Both the President and Mr. Dulles saw the cease-fire as a hopeful sign that the issues could be solved by peaceful negotiations. It was admitted by Mr. Eisenhower and the Secretary of State that the Nationalist build-up of forces on the off-shore islands had been foolish, that a reduction in these forces was highly desirable, that the United States entertained no idea of supporting Chiang Kai-shek in an attack on the mainland, and that a dependable cease-fire in the Taiwan Strait would lead automatically to "quite considerable changes in the situation." Defense Secretary McElroy recently flew to Taiwan to try to reach an understanding with the Generalissimo, reportedly with the face-saving formula of an increase in firepower to balance the reduction of forces on the off-shore islands. And Secretary Dulles later undertook a similar flight to Taipei, presumably for the same purpose.

At the same time, however, the President, Mr. Dulles and various other Administration spokesmen were issuing periodic expressions of intransigence which quite contradicted all the "compromise positions" enumerated above. Most observers were not much concerned at this, seeing these disclaimers merely as attempts at face-saving for the Administration and balm for the wounded pride of Chiang Kai-shek.

But not so understandable was the fact that Administration spokesmen, like Vice President Nixon and Chairman of the Republican National Committee Meade Alcorn, began an increasingly self-righteous and violent campaign against all those who had advocated just the sort of flexibility and realism which the Administration was adopting. Those who had dared to criticize the Administration's Far Eastern policy (and who had perhaps committed the further sin of being right) were denounced as "left-wingers" and "appeasers." The fact that the Chinese Communists had initiated a cease-fire and that negotiations were in progress was hailed as evidence that Administration firmness had paid off, that the Dulles "hard line" had been vindicated.

This last position (aside from its absurdity in

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labeling as "left-wingers" such commentators as the editors of publications like the *Wall Street Journal*) has now been exploded by the Communist resumption of the bombardment of Quemoy. The Communist action in breaking the cease-fire makes it clear that the suspension of the shelling was not a result of masterful handling of the problem by the Administration, as was claimed, but was simply a Communist maneuver in a situation where they hold nearly all the cards, as was feared by those who criticized Administration policy from the beginning.

It appears now that the crisis over Quemoy has been thrust back to its original—and ominous—terms. As we said six weeks ago, for the United States to threaten war over Quemoy is not merely catastrophically dangerous, but foolish and irresponsible as well. If we—and the world—are lucky and the Dulles-Eisenhower bluff of war is not called, we will gain only a temporary respite, and at the cost of most of the world's good will. We may, by rattling our nuclear weapons, postpone the day of reckoning that will inevitably come. But sooner or later we will have to face up to the future of the off-shore islands, Taiwan and the two Chinas themselves.

If, on the other hand, the bluff of war should be called, the only alternatives will be an unthinkable all-out war with six hundred million Chinese or the humiliation of retreat and a major political disaster. We can only hope that Mr. Dulles and the Administration will not feel compelled to save face at literally any cost. We can only hope that the bluster and obstinacy of the past will give way to a sober reappraisal of what seems now more than ever a truly perilous situation.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

THE BOMBING of Jewish synagogues in the South is an outrage. On this every American, from President Eisenhower down, agrees, with the exception only of those who have themselves been corrupted by the hate-mongers. The latest blast, directed at a temple in Atlanta, brought to four the number of such bombings which have taken place in the South during the past year. Working under a spotlight because of national indignation, Atlanta police began a quick round-up of known racists; as a result of their investigations a grand jury soon returned indictments against five men, charging them with the responsibility for actually carrying out the bombing of the Atlanta synagogue.

This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There is a pattern to all these attacks, and there are recurrent reports of "fat cats," possibly outside the South, who are said to be financing these outrages. With the F.B.I. on hand to assist the local police, the Justice Department should order a thorough investigation.

Northerners must, of course, beware of blaming the entire South for the work of a few extremists. For elected officials, community leaders and editors in the South, though, the moral of these bombings should be painfully clear. Hate is an explosive force; once loosed, it destroys indiscriminately. It is not at all surprising that the Atlanta blast was followed by a crude, "homemade" attempt at bombing a temple in Peoria, Illinois, nor that St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York received a bomb threat shortly after.

Once encouraged, defiance of the law is hard to discourage. The five men indicted in Atlanta who will stand trial for the most recent bombing are an unimpressive lot, but the ultimate instigators of the lawlessness that has been loosed in the South sit in the seats of the mighty and are addressed as Governor and Senator.

DEBATING FOREIGN POLICY

CAMPAIGNS FOR Congressional elections generally rouse less national interest than do the campaigns for the Presidency—and less heated debate. Although all pre-election reports suggested that in this election Republicans were in for a drubbing, even in traditionally Republican strongholds, debate was for some time maintained at a relatively low key on issues of local and state importance. But in the last couple of weeks the picture has changed considerably, and the reason, in large part, is the Democratic Advisory Council and Richard M. Nixon.

Like many skillful politicians Mr. Nixon has shown marked ability to slide over differences that are politically troublesome or disconcerting and to emphasize those differences which benefit person or party. But in his recent campaign speeches he has clearly disagreed not only with many Democratic spokesmen, but with President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles. He has, moreover, caused them to modify their public statements about the proper limits in debating foreign policy during an election campaign.

The Democratic Advisory Council had issued a statement which recognized that at certain crucial

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times and in the face of external opposition, partisan debate should give way to national unity, that the Administration should be supported even by the opposition. But, it added, "the present crisis in the Far East is not such a case." About the same time Mr. Nixon said that "the Acheson-Truman foreign policy resulted in war and the Eisenhower-Dulles policy resulted in peace."

Concerning these statements Mr. Dulles commented, "I do not think it wise that current aspects of foreign policy should be injected in the campaign." This is an understandable feeling for someone who wishes to leave unquestioned those policy decisions which have brought us to our present position in the Far East—a position that is at once obviously dangerous and unstable.

In a news conference the President echoed Mr. Dulles. Stating that he was unfamiliar with the statement attributed to Mr. Nixon, the President added: "But I do subscribe to this theory: foreign policy ought to be kept out of partisan debate. . . . I realize that when someone makes a charge another individual is going to reply. I deplore that."

These unambiguous statements would seem to have settled the problem for the Republican leadership—and they might have with someone less determined than Mr. Nixon. After being informed of the attitudes expressed by the President and the Secretary of State Mr. Nixon said: "One of the reasons the Republican Party is in trouble today is because . . . we have allowed people to criticize our policies and we have not stood up and answered effectively . . . I don't intend to make that mistake in this campaign." Not long after this both President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles declared, in separate messages, that they understood the need to reply to Democratic attacks and recognized Mr. Nixon's ability to do so.

The present patched-up differences within the Republican Party are significant for several reasons, not entirely unrelated. Of most importance is the fact that the President and the Secretary of State have acknowledged that our present foreign policy can properly be debated, that to make policy is not to place it beyond question.

The second point concerns Mr. Nixon as Presidential candidate. The next several weeks will see Mr. Nixon at his partisan best—or worst, as his critics would say. And it is the Nixon who emerges at times of political crisis that interests both Nixon supporters and critics—and those who waver between the two. Progressively dissociating himself from the President and his attitudes, Mr. Nixon speaks increasingly as politician and candidate. The President said recently, "I think politicians do love to make things very positive." Mr. Nixon is such a politician. And one of the things he would like to make positive is his nomination and election as President. The way in which he handles the debate on foreign policy will help many voters to make up their minds concerning his true image.

DE GAULLE IN POWER

WHEN GENERAL Charles de Gaulle came to power, even many who welcomed him were uneasy about the support he had accepted from right-wing dissidents in Algeria. The Army and the Committees of Public Safety were defiant of legal government and they clearly expected to sway the General.

General de Gaulle moved steadily, circumspectly and with apparent self-assurance. The sweeping victory he won in the referendum on his constitution gave him even greater prestige and authority than he had brought with him to Paris. It allowed him to move vigorously where previously he had temporized, and he seized the opportunity. He has now sharply rebuked dissident elements in Algeria, brought the Army under proper discipline, and dissipated the strength of the Committees. He thus continues to justify those who turned to him in France's hour of need.

ASK THE MAN WHO

WE CONTINUE to admire the poetry of Robert Frost—in spite of everything. Under the heading of everything we include many of Mr. Frost's own prose utterances, even those which have to do with art, which is, after all, the area in which he has a special competence.

Mr. Frost's most recent shockers were on the occasion of his moving into his office as Library of Congress consultant on poetry, and were reported at length in an article in the New York *Times*. Of modern art, the eighty-four-year-old poet said that he knew a man who considered priceless a painting of a head with three eyes. "Three eyes!" snorted Mr. Frost. And there was this commentary on Ezra Pound's *Cantos*: "I don't say I'm not up to them, I say they're not up to me. Nobody ought to like them, but some do, and I let them. That's my tolerance."

As we said, we admire a great many of Robert Frost's poems—in spite of everything.

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The Walls of Culture

We proceed on the assumption that all people want the same things we want and should therefore imitate our way of life

by GOTTFRIED O. LANG

ALONG WITH the other Western countries which have a high standard of living, the United States has contributed substantially to the economic and technical development of the so-called underdeveloped countries. Returns, however, have not been commensurate with the money and effort which have been expended.

Today, in spite of U.N., I.C.A. and similar efforts, sixty per cent of the world's population still get less than twenty-two hundred calories a day. As Josue De Castro puts it, "These people are living in a state of almost chronic fast and are being consumed in a kind of autodestruction." And if our intention was to win the good will of non-Western peoples, along with raising their substandard level of living, we have failed in both respects. It may even be said that Western, and particularly American, popularity has reached a new low in most of the non-Western world.

Some of the reasons for this unpopularity are of course beyond our control. They may be related to adverse propaganda, to envy of our high level of living and to the historical fact of colonialism, with its train of unforgotten injustices and present-day problems. At best, the transition from a dependent pre-industrial status to that of a free industrialized nation is fraught with difficulties. But there are factors over which we do have control, and which are not directly related to dollar-aid abroad. These are our own attitudes and methods of approaching the problem.

We can and we must give our help when so-called underdeveloped countries ask for aid. But our help will be effective only if it is based on a real understanding of these people. We must be able to communicate with them. This does not merely involve language skills (though these are very important indeed), but, even more importantly, the need to understand the messages sent to us in their proper cultural context.

Underlying much of our dealings with peoples from the underdeveloped countries are some fallacious assumptions about ourselves and others. We long ago progressed beyond the problem of how to feed ourselves, and have developed a highly advanced technology, variously ascribed to the type of government we have, to our values in regard to work, to our morals and our thrift, and so on. We feel that our civilization is superior to those where the material standard of living is lower or less valued than our own. We proceed on the assumption that all people want the same things we want and should therefore imitate our way of life. Many, of course, do try to imitate our technological know-how. But we cannot understand why they do not also want our other values, spiritual, moral, esthetic, political and social.

Thus we feel hurt or even outraged when the recipients of our aid refuse our values while taking our technology. For instance, with our characteristic American attitudes toward work and success, we cannot understand why people in an underdeveloped country, faced by chronic food shortage, do not avail themselves of farm lands newly created by a much-needed dam. The fact that these people have been migratory herders for centuries makes necessary a deep understanding of their traditions before we can communicate to them the potential value of such a move. Too often our efforts have resulted in misunderstandings, frustrations and threats on our part of withdrawal of aid.

WE TEND to assume sometimes that the people of so-called "backward" lands are hardly capable of achieving a modern civilized status. It is a case in point that the American Indian was only recently given

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the full franchise theoretically guaranteed through the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, because of belief that the Indian was not capable of responsible citizenship. Elsewhere, too, the native has often been kept from assuming political responsibilities or taking on supervisory posts, because he was believed to be unable to cope with the complexities of modern life.

Another fallacy that plagues our approach to other peoples is the opposite of this. It assumes that "human nature is pretty much the same the world over," and therefore "people ought to change since they can do so easily if they want to." Although all men have the same basic needs, the ways in which these needs are met by different peoples vary enormously. Thus medical help much needed by Moslem peoples may be "illogically" restricted to only the male population because the medical personnel are all men, forbidden to see the Moslem women.

Still another fallacy, not unrelated to the first, suggests that primitive and less civilized peoples are incapable of change. This view, though recognizing the diversity of life-ways of different peoples, assumes that primitive cultures are static and that placing primitive peoples on a reserve or island and feeding them is all that need be done. In fact, however, no culture, regardless of how simple it seems to us, is ever static.

Our tendency to moralize makes for another stumbling-block in our relations with the peoples of underdeveloped lands. The moralizer is either shocked by the lack of adherence to our kind of "ideals," or he accepts the reality of another people's behavior and goes along with it, but showing his contempt and condescension. He feels morally superior, but is willing to make "concessions" in order to get his goals accomplished.

ALL OF THESE unfortunate attitudes can be corrected by a proper understanding of the concept of culture. To recognize the reality of cultural differences is to recognize that culture acts upon its bearer like spectacles, through which the wearer views the world and which modify what he sees according to the character of the lenses. The difference in the way peoples "see" things is particularly obvious in our dealings with Latin America. Although Latin Americans share with us many cultural traits common to the Western heritage, some of their attitudes differ significantly.

For instance, we tend to look at the social world with a strong egalitarian bias. We admit that we live in a class society, but we are proud of the fact that an individual can move up in the class structure. In much of Latin America, however, social relationships are much more rigid and defined along lines of dependence and submission. With us, there is a tremendous value placed upon pushing ahead, fostered by ideas of independence and freedom. In contrast, change in Latin America is not valued for its own sake, and freedom which also means responsibility may be thought undesirable. If in being free to make a choice one should make a mistake, it would not only be an error and possible loss for the individual, but one which would also bring loss of status to an entire family. The family, which includes many relatives, is very important to the Latin American, and disgrace to the family is a greater crime than failing to get ahead. We, of course, separate our public life and our family life.

Failure to see that social class is relatively immutable in many sectors of Latin American society may mean that the Yankee innovator, with his egalitarian attitudes, may appear as a threat to the whole social structure. If he begins his work without recognizing the established social order, the Yankee's well-meant attempts to help may well result in frustration and failure —and all because of a failure to recognize the importance of cultural differences.

On the other hand, it would be equally wrong to assume the inalterability of the rigid social structure just sketched. Changes under the influence of industrialization are taking place everywhere, including Latin American countries. In ever more instances the peon of former days does take on responsibility, and when he finds it is rewarding, he develops a whole new set of expectations and attitudes. Obviously, then, changes that are occurring must be taken into account just as much as traditional patterns.

Another American trait that strongly colors our relationships with other peoples is the particular form of individualism which we believe in. To us, an individual has the right to express himself as he sees fit, to get ahead, to do what he wants to do and, through this individual effort, to achieve success. In fact, our society richly rewards those who exercise a high degree of this sort of individualism. But this is not true for every society, and to assume that it is can lead to disastrous consequences.

There is the famous anthropological example of the missionaries who brought the technically superior and efficient steel axes to the Stone Age natives of Australia. The giving of steel axes for cutting firewood to man, woman and child, in complete disregard for the established social order, had a devastating effect upon these people. In the past the stone axe had served to regulate social relationships through a pattern wherein all tribal members borrowed the axes from the old men in authority. Everyone had to cut firewood, but in this gerontocracy the old men owned the axes and gave them out. Not knowing the social function of the stone axe, the missionary quite inadvertently contributed to the downfall of the social and ultimately the moral order before he could substitute something in its place, simply by distributing a "helpful" tool.

There are many similar examples in anthropological

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literature, showing cases in which our brand of individualism has been thrust upon a functioning society and has contributed toward a tragic disorganization of social life. In spite of all good will, technological projects are going to be resented when people feel that the innovation poses a threat to their own system of social security, based on interpersonal and reciprocal relationships.

THEN THERE is our tendency to pass moral judgment on other peoples, which may obscure the functions of their cultural patterns and institutions. In East Africa, for instance, certain societies still practice polygamy. To us, who consider the monogamous family as morally rigid and "natural," this appears as simply an immoral practice. Yet we fail to understand that this ancient form of the family, where a man is married to many wives, has important sociological functions.

In these societies, having several wives means economic security, because each wife, together with her children, is a productive unit. In addition, by having several wives a man is tied closely to many other families by marriage. These ties are not only emotionally significant but are maintained by social sanctions. Through the institution of bride price, for example, the family of the wife is assured good treatment of their daughter, or else the husband will forfeit the wife and the price also.

With tribal peoples who have weak central governments, the larger extended family binds a social unit together through these marriage ties and through mutual obligations within the extended family. Thus an attempt to outlaw polygamy, without first substituting some other institution which will take over its functions, may have devastating effects upon the people concerned. Furthermore, an unsympathetic attack on any central social institution suggests a contempt for that institution, which jeopardizes mutual understanding and communication, if it does not create outright hostility toward us.

Another serious difficulty arises out of a cynical type of moralizing that is not too infrequent among us. The cynically righteous may note, for instance, that people in positions of authority, especially in newly independent countries, have reached that position apparently through manipulating people, accepting presents, and so on. On closer inspection it may turn out that the "manipulation" of people is a customary social relationship based on the superiority of and deference due title-holders and people in positions of authority; while the "favoritism" is merely the fulfillment of obligations demanded by kinship; and the "bribery" is the exchange of gifts associated with social relationships.

All peoples have moral standards, although they may be variable. We must recognize that variance of standards does not mean laxity, that under given conditions the seemingly easy standards may be more rigorous and demanding than some of our own. The point that needs to be made here is simply that judgment of other people must be made in the context of their culture. As long as we continue to judge others by our standards, we will fail to understand them.

Because our Western approach is often systematic, we tend to deal with large and complex social and cultural problems by attacking one facet of the question at a time, neglecting the remaining problems for the time being. That this has tragic consequences in so-called underdeveloped countries has many times been demonstrated.

For instance, in the short period of about twenty-five years an agrarian Moslem population of the Aures Mountains in Algeria has slipped from a standard of living described as "poor" at best to a level of living which can now only be called "pauperism." How did this come about? The provision of some few medical services and the control of certain epidemic-producing diseases like typhus and malaria have brought about a tremendous increase in the population. As the population increased, the production of food had to be increased also, but as more food was grown, the land rapidly became depleted and food production inevitably declined. Now the people live a hand to mouth existence. Survive they will, because modern medicine makes this possible, but survive at what level! Positive health measures, in spite of their immediate good, have brought terrible long-range results. A humanitarian deed has in effect contributed to greater suffering because it was not considered in relation to the total situation.

These examples, which attempt to illustrate some of the difficulties of cross-cultural communication and cross-cultural action, have been chosen from the experience of cultural anthropologists. Their approach to human behavior can, if listened to, help to open up a new appreciation of people and their problems. Even in our own culture we take things for granted and are not aware of their ramifications until they are challenged. And when we go abroad, we have the tendency to view the life-ways of other peoples through our own cultural lenses.

Until we acknowledge that peoples of different cultures are not the same, as the "human nature" oversimplification would have us believe, and that cultures are not static, as the Victorian view of the "benighted heathen" would suggest, we shall meet hostility and suspicion in our dealings with other peoples. Only when we curb our tendency to moralize and learn to inquire into and respect the cultures which are different from our own, can we begin really to communicate with our world-neighbors.

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Financing election campaigns remains a basic inadequacy of the American system

Money and Politics

by PETER KILBY

ON AUGUST 25th the two-year-old Presidential Pension bill finally achieved the status of law. The fact that this law was a hundred and seventy years in coming and that its passage was a surprise to even the more astute observers highlights a deep-seated flaw in the machinery of American democracy: namely, that the financial burden imposed upon an elected official before, during and after holding office more often than not considerably exceeds his sources of income. Our refusal to recognize the informal costs which public servants must meet is both unfair to the individual and injurious to the functioning of our representative system.

Many ex-Presidents, for example, have suffered personal hardship in the absence of any type of pension. It is disturbing to learn that approximately one-fourth of our former Chief Executives were forced to sell or mortgage ancestral land, auction off personal libraries, write memoirs, appear in advertisements and, in several instances, rely on hand-outs. Certainly this situation warrants formal recompense to defray the expenses incurred by holding office, with expenses to be interpreted in the broadest sense. For instance, former Presidents Truman and Hoover are both obliged to spend twenty to thirty thousand dollars annually to maintain a staff of four to answer mail (about two hundred pieces a day) requesting advice and guest appearances.

The new law provides a $25,000 pension (the same received by Five-Star generals and Fleet Admirals), $50,000 for staff, office space in a Federal building and a free frank for four thousand pieces of mail per month. The allowances of the law do not seem excessive in view of the difficulty of the job, the dignity of the office and the monetary burden it imposes. Yet over two hundred Representatives abstained from the House vote, and the bill was passed only after the provisions for staff, office space and franking privileges had been stricken. (These were later reinstated in conference.) The opposition contended that the bill not only was against the wishes of the founding fathers, but that it created a quasi-governmental institution not subject to the Constitution. In addition, they insisted, the bill was expensive and blatantly favored Democratic ex-President Harry Truman.

If the lesser issue of Presidential retirement has been solved, the greater problem of financing election campaigns remains a basic inadequacy of the American political system. For example, the cost of all campaigns for public office in 1952 was $140,000,000; in 1956 it was $200,000,000. In 1952 the distribution of campaign spending was estimated as fourteen per cent at the national level, forty-eight per cent at the state level and thirty-eight per cent at the local level. Clearly, campaigning is a costly business.

Many have argued that the system which has evolved not only wastes vast sums of money, but does not produce a meaningful choice as to program. Major issues degenerate into propaganda symbols and partisan responsibility is diluted by compromise with assorted interest groups. Yet in our highly particularistic system it is only under broad generalities and with large coagulations of specific interests that consensus is possible. The political campaign fulfills a necessary function by organizing interest, idealism and sentiment into an effective propellant for the vital engine of government. Consequently, campaign funds must be seen as a necessary cost of representative government, to be borne by the people in the most equitable manner.

IN BOTH the primary and the election the candidate is normally expected to cover his own expenses either out-of-pocket or through a personal campaign fund drive. The amount spent on a campaign is likely to be determined by the stakes to be won and the intensity of feeling. Thus in 1954 each of three Senatorial candidates in New Hampshire reported expenditures of less than $20,000, while the successful 1952 Senatorial campaign of John Kennedy of Massachusetts amounted to $350,000. The 1950 New York mayoralty election brought forth sums exceeding $800,000 and in the same year the Ohio Senatorial race reached an astronomical figure surpassing $2,000,000. In 1952 Eisenhower supporters in pre-convention activities alone spent $1,300,000.

Where does the money come from? Probably 1952 is the most exemplary year, with three million or five

Mr. Kilby specializes in the relationship between economic and political questions. This is his second article in The Commonweal.

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per cent of the voting public contributing. This was the year of the much advertised Democratic drive conducted by Beardsley Ruml to collect five dollars from each Democrat; the result was $600,000 or one per cent of the goal. In 1952 approximately two hundred thousand contributed five dollars or more to the party of their choice, with donations of one hundred dollars or more constituting over eighty per cent of the whole and donations of five hundred dollars or more constituting sixty-five per cent of the whole.

The general opinion is that the existing situation, in which less than one per cent of the electorate furnish the bulk of all campaign funds, is an unhealthy one. However, there has never been a lack of official concern. The United States has attempted to control the use of money in elections more than any other democratic nation. The history of federal regulation goes back to 1907, when the first restrictions were enacted as a result of Mark Hanna's assessment of all large corporations for the Republican campaign of 1896. Today the applicable laws are the amended Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 and the Hatch Act of 1940, which impose limitations so rigid and unrealistic that wholesale evasion is both accepted and necessary.

Looking first at the limitations on the campaigning itself, for a Representative the legal maximum expenditure is $2,500 or three cents for each vote cast at the last general election, up to $5,000. For a Senatorial candidate the maximum is $10,000, or a possible $25,000 on the three cents per voter basis. Expenditures by the national committees may not exceed $3,000,000. An individual may not contribute more than $5,000 to a political party. Corporations and labor unions are prohibited from using their funds in a party campaign. Detailed reports on all contributions and expenditures must be filed with the government, and these reports are made available for public scrutiny.

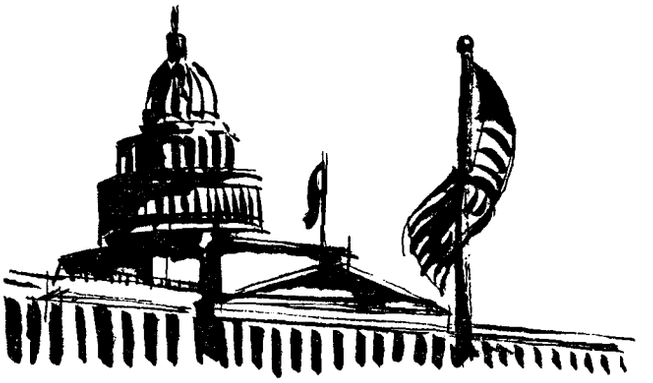
These limitations are bypassed in numerous ways. Primaries are not covered by the laws, yet they are often the real contests. The legislation excludes committees operating in a single state. The reporting forms are so complicated that it is almost impossible to extract the simple facts. Failure to file is rarely prosecuted. To avoid the $5,000 limitation, there has been a proliferation of committees at all levels, such as Citizens for Eisenhower and Volunteers for Stevenson, each of which affords the maximum contributions. Similarly, donations are made in the names of wives and children. Hence in 1956 Republican campaign funds reported contributions by the Rockefeller family at $153,000 and by the DuPonts at $248,000. Although corporations are forbidden to participate, directors and company officials are not, and the latter are reimbursed through bonuses and expense accounts. Thus in 1956 contributions by corporate officials were slightly less than $2,000,000. Organized labor, through the employment of independent political action committees, utilizing voluntary donations, contributed $2,500,000.

Contributions in the one thousand dollars or more class are seldom motivated by as general an interest as national welfare. The intended and actual effect is to create an obligation. Although contributions seldom purchase specific action, they do buy "access" and influence. A standard political phenomenon is the flurry of checks for five hundred dollars or more which rain on the triumphant party the week after its election.

NO ONE DENIES that election campaigns ought to be financed by the electorate at large, but there is the overwhelming problem of education: to overcome the cynicism and indifference that already exist and to develop a basic sense of political awareness. This year the American Heritage Foundation has launched an extensive advertising program, "Don't Pass the Buck—Give a Buck," to increase popular participation in both parties' campaign drives. Theoretically, according to a 1956 Gallup poll, seventeen million voters would contribute if asked. Actually, this is an assumption of considerable doubt. In 1956, for instance, the Democrats in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, carried out a well-organized, well-staffed "Dues for Democracy" campaign. Their letters carried such questions as, "How does a political party bring its message to the electorate without mortgaging its integrity?" But they were able to raise only ten per cent of their funds through contributions of five dollars or less.

Other remedies have been proposed. Federal grants-in-aid for Congressional contestants on a three cents per voter basis would establish a certain minimum equity and encourage the candidacy of the less rich. An alternative is the subsidization of the parties themselves. The latter, however, presents many difficulties because of the decentralized nature of the party structure. The use of a neutral campaign fund, split equally, has been tried with success under certain conditions. Income tax exemptions for contributions within modest limits have also been suggested.

Another aspect of this large problem of money and politics pertains to the conditions of entry. That is,



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what is the effect of money on the much lauded democratic standard, equality of opportunity? Are the conditions of entry into political life really equal for men of more, less and no wealth? The normal gifts of wealth include education, an establishment from which to meet and entertain influential people, prestige and a position in the community. Thus the politically conscious rich man possesses all the ingredients of a successful candidate: security, mobility and a constituency. Once the decision to run for office is made, the potential candidate who is able to pull his own financial weight will probably be preferred by the party organization.

For the man in office, it is not clear that personal wealth is necessarily a conservative force. There seems to be a neat distinction between wealth earned and wealth inherited. On the one hand, there are those self-made millionaires such as former Secretaries Wilson and Humphrey whose political philosophy sprang from the tenets of nineteenth century laissez-faire capitalism. On the other hand, such men of inherited wealth as the late Franklin Roosevelt, Averill Harriman, Gordon Gray, John Kennedy and Nelson Rockefeller have shown themselves decidedly liberal and deeply concerned with social welfare.

A related phenomenon, closely connected with the problem of money and politics, is the pressure group. Precisely because the legislature is an elected body, pressure groups are able to influence its actions. The instruments of organized interest are campaign funds, ability to generate election propaganda and votes. The extent of pressure politics is so great that the legislative process has been termed "legislation by whirlpool" in which the "third chamber" or "polity of pressure groups" is the directive agent. The interests of the pressure groups are neither individually or collectively identical with the national welfare; the besieged legislator is free to advance the common good only so far as he can do so and still remain in office.

THE HEAVY DRAG of local and regional interests in the legislative branch has long been recognized as a shortcoming of our political system. Yet it has been held that in time of crisis the elasticity of the system would permit an expansion of the executive: that is, the strong individual comes forth to accept the prerogatives of power which Congress willingly relinquishes. Accordingly, the Civil War produced Lincoln and the Depression and second world war witnessed Franklin D. Roosevelt. Unfortunately, however, the post-Korean era has demoted this truth to mere possibility.

Beyond the question of leadership, there have been profound transformations in the nature of the challenges which we face. We now must cope with external crises not of our own making, crises which in the nuclear age threaten to be fatal. And there is also the problem of psychological motivation. In the past, momentous upheavals drew forth the response of the American people only after the event occurred. We are no longer allowed this luxury of time. We are denied the electrifying crystallization of a Black Thursday or a Pearl Harbor which instilled the courage to seek new directions.

To prefigure, to anticipate, to plan, to sacrifice—these are the requirements of survival. Deeply rooted historic patterns must be altered: farmers and veterans must lose their budgetary eminence to education and foreign aid. When our fundamental problems were internal we could, as a rich nation, subsidize each of the many fractious interests. Now, in the face of potentially fatal forces, such dissipation of vitality is sheer lunacy.

Direction, coherency and effective planning can only be realized through executive leadership and a competent bureaucracy. Within this context, the issue of campaign funds provides, at an institutional level, an opportunity to check the disruptive influence of particularism by the relatively simple procedure of extending substantial federal grants to the national committee of each party. As the national party organs accumulate power through control of the purse strings, the strength of the State parties would necessarily be diminished. The Congressional candidate, financed by the national committee, could run on national issues rather than local interests. In Congress the logical outgrowth would be a movement toward greater party discipline and, in consequence, the elimination of the vacuum which is now exploited by the pressure groups. With greater legislative responsibility, party platforms would become vehicles for significant choice. All in all, if the multiplicity of selfish interests were held subservient to broad programmatic objectives the capabilities of our government for creative leadership would be greatly enlarged.

More basically, the question of leadership and national restraint is one of education. Every democracy must have its Pericles in order to endure. Accordingly, there must be federal scholarship programs for future political leaders as well as for the future scientists; certainly the former's pursuit, although less tangible, is of a higher degree of urgency for the future of the West and the world itself.

Indisputably, the United States has made much progress in combatting the excesses of particularism since the days of Hanna and McKinley. But, because our internal evolution to political maturity is now superimposed on an international situation of critical instablity, we are compelled to accelerate the process artificially. This is best accomplished by strengthening the institutional framework for the exercise of political leadership, as well as through intensive educational programs and by casting our votes for responsible political candidates.

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Why was this girl singled out from the mass, and what has she become?

The Triumph of Anne Frank

by NORBERT MUHLEN

IF ANNE FRANK had not died at fifteen, she would now be twenty-nine years of age. One is tempted to speculate what this young woman would be today, had not a unique chain of events brought Hitler to power in her lifetime. Maybe she would be living as a wife and mother in the city of Frankfurt where her ancestors had lived for centuries—at ten, like other little girls of her age, she had voiced this ambition.

Or perhaps we would know her as a promising, if not famous, contemporary young writer. In her early teens, she often confided that she wanted to grow up to be an author. Before she was fourteen, she had already written a number of children's stories, with titles such as "The Flower Girl," "The Clever Dwarf," "The Bear Who Discovered the World." In their mixture of charming naiveté and surprisingly mature insights, these stories reveal the native talent of Anne as a story teller, her "enjoyment of being a fabulist," as Goethe called it.

Yet possibly she would have chosen a quite different vocation; those who knew her well said that she was "a little bundle of contradictions," and she herself wholeheartedly agreed with this characterization. We can only speculate; because her family was of Jewish descent, she was driven from her native country at four, forced to hide—self-immured in two small backrooms with her parents and her sister and four strangers—at thirteen and fourteen, and killed one year later, in a concentration camp.

Yet her life on earth did not quite end then. Ten years after her death, she reappeared almost triumphantly in her native country and throughout the world. The children of those who had killed her, as well as the children of those who had been persecuted with her, came to love, and sometimes to revere, this revived Anne Frank.

The way of her revival was strange enough, and inspiring despite a touch of Broadway and best-seller business which served as its vehicle. When her father, the only one among the eight to survive, revisited the hideaway after Hitler's fall, he found the diary which she had written during her two years there. The document was published in Holland and shortly thereafter in a German translation.

The book received very little attention at the time. In those first post-war years, extremely few people in and out of Germany wanted to hear of "still another Nazi atrocity story," for reasons which varied with those who held them. Although Anne's Diary was by no means an atrocity story, the subject seemed already too remote to interest as "news," yet too close for a detached reading as history. By ignoring the book, people protected themselves against their still unhealed feelings of guilt—or of shame and mourning and helpless shock.

ONLY IN 1952 was Anne Frank's Diary published in this country. A "successful" book, it was rendered into a play with great empathy and skill by the playwrights Frances and Walter Hackett. The play was honored with a Pulitzer Prize. Only after these successes in America was Anne discovered by the Germans; and their response to her was sudden, spontaneous, powerful. A new generation unburdened by traumatic memories of the Hitler past had by now come of age. A new paperback edition of her Diary, was followed by a German translation of the American play. The play, which opened on the German stage in the winter of 1956, has by now been presented in more than half of the legitimate theaters throughout West Germany, and with long runs. In these last years literally millions of Germans have encountered the person of Anne Frank.

As she became better known, the places in which she lived and died came to resemble shrines. The house on *Prinsengracht* in Amsterdam, where she wrote the Diary, has been turned into a pathetic Anne Frank Museum. Her birthplace in a residential Frankfurt street is honored by a plaque, and a memorial of fresh flowers, laid down every week by pious visitors, enlivens her burial place, in the former Belsen-Bergen concentration camp where she died of starvation. True, her burial place is merely a drab mound in the desolate North German Lueneburg Heath, and not even her name is inscribed; a sticker proclaims only that

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"20,000 are buried here." She disappeared among these anonymous gravemates who in turn disappear among Hitler's murdered millions—Jews, Germans, women, children, men of almost every nationality and faith.

WHY, then, was Anne Frank singled out from this mass, and what has she become in the eyes and hearts of the living who have brought her back to posthumous life? Anne Frank did not seem a very unusual girl, as we learn from the biography by Ernst Schnabel, a forty-five-year-old, able German Catholic writer. *(Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage.* By Ernst Schnabel. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95). In search of Anne, he tried to interview seventy-six people who had known her well, or whose paths had crossed hers; fifty of them are mentioned by Anne herself in her Diary. But by 1957 eighteen had died—only seven by natural deaths; others were missing or had left Europe. But he did succeed in finding forty-two people who told him what they remembered of Anne.

From these testimonies, which summon up a picture of her personality, the impression emerges that, as Herr Schnabel puts it, she was a child "like countless other children." None of his witnesses, with their fairly intimate and complete account of her life from nursery to the bitter end, claimed that she had been a *wunderkind,* or in any way unusual. "She was gracious, capricious at times, and full of ideas," Herr Schnabel sums up. "She had a tender, but also a critical spirit, a special gift for deep feelings and for fear, but also her own special kind of courage. . . ." As Anne's Diary ended before the worst began—whose fearful shadow, though, hovers ever-present over its pages—the reports on her way through the death camp add an important sequel to her own life-story.

But here and there in these moving recollections appear glimpses of her more remarkable traits, such as, for instance, the compassion which led her to cry at the sight of fellow-victims while she herself had arrived at the worst suffering point; or her loneliness even before the persecution began—"I have several best friends, but no real friend," she once confided; and mainly, her admirable struggle to "keep face" in those death camp days of which one survivor said: "Do you think anyone in Belsen asked anyone else, 'Who are you?' Identity no longer existed there. There was only horror and confusion, and to be alive oneself was an almost superhuman effort." Anne tried to keep on living.

OF THE REASONS that have caused her strange return to the living, the first is obviously her unusual gift to observe the life around her and to think about her own life, and to write all this honestly and well. But what she saw, felt and put down in her Diary was much more than her own particular fate. Many young people, particularly in Germany, told me that Anne had captivated and conquered them because they could identify themselves with her and her problems, different though they may seem. They discovered the image of their own suffering and their own search for the good life in Anne's "extreme situation," as she lived and described it.

This extremity of a general human condition began with her immurement in a prison to which she had been sentenced without cause, to live there day and night with people who seemed to her sometimes ludicrous and sometimes lovable, often funny, mostly incomprehensible. If the Nazis robbed her of her freedom and threatened her life, she also felt that she was often misunderstood and mistreated by her fellow-Jews in the hideout. But just as often she was puzzled, and sometimes shocked and agonized about herself when she discovered evil in her own nature. She was quite conscientious in repenting for what she felt were her sins, and often she was full of love and inner cheer. While she matured, her innocence began to give way to a search for "the sense of life" and for faith.

One sentence in her Diary, which serves as the motto of its German edition, has become a motto for many of her unorganized followers who range from Germany to Israel. "I believe," Anne Frank's *Credo* stated, "in the good within man." This she wrote after two years of suffering in her prison, with death nearby. As Herr Schnabel reports, one of his elderly interlocutors who had also suffered much brushed it aside as proof of Anne's childishness. But I have heard young people—who knew nothing else about her—quote, discuss, uphold Anne's statement with enthusiasm.

If Anne Frank has become today the author of a posthumous best-seller, the heroine of a world-wide stage success and of a screenplay, she has also come to be—as a martyr rather than a victim—the image of a contemporary, secular legend. Ernst Schnabel's report seems to prove that while this legend corresponds quite accurately to the facts of her life, many see in it a meaning which transcends by far its individual, political or historical reality.

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THE SCREEN

BOO, YOU PRETTY BLOB

AN ASSORTMENT of horror and science-fiction films are turning up as a Halloween spree. None is likely to compete with more thoughtful current movies. The most unusual thing about "The Blob," apart from its fantastic plot, of course, is that its main characters are teen-agers who are not juvenile delinquents, and that the script is told from their point of view. Clearly Producer Jack H. Harris is not averse to cashing in on the youthful market at the box office. After establishing the fact that this town's kids (led by Steven McQueen, familiar as a bounty-hunter in a T.V. series) are generally misunderstood and unappreciated by their parents, the film gets on with its more gruesome business.

Only the teen-agers have sense enough to realize that this blob of protoplasm is the purple people eater. The adults just won't believe the young folk—even after the teen-agers turn on all public alarms and gather the fire department, the police and everyone else. But when the blob, now grown to enormous size, oozes its way into a motion picture theater, and throws the audience into panic, the grown-ups take it seriously. The technical tricks and photography in DeLuxe Color are excellent, and the blob itself looks like a luscious though menacing chunk of grape Jello. Make of it what you will.

THE PROBLEM in "Monster on the Campus" is a sort of Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde affair. When a university scientist, played by Arthur Franz, is experimenting with a well preserved body of a coelacanth (an extinct fish pronounced silly-cant), the young professor scratches himself on the dead fish's sharp teeth and goes through a process that might be called evolution-in-reverse. He suddenly goes berserk and becomes a vicious, hairy, animal-like creature. The other characters, police, students and instructors, behave and talk rather foolishly as they attempt to solve the crimes committed by the scientist when he's under the influence of the serum and acting like a prehistoric monster. The police are so busy fingerprinting the university's football squad and following other false clues that the plot is more extended than one's interest. The mistakes of these inept people, however, prove more amusing than Director Jack Arnold intended, and sometimes the silly-cant talk is downright funny.

THE CHARACTERS in "The Crawling Eye," another chiller, have problems that are just too much for them. The action is set in Switzerland and sometimes the mountain scenery is very attractive indeed, but too often fake backgrounds detract from the attempted realism. The menace, this time, is in the form of a cloud that has radioactive properties, leaves its victims headless and has the distressing ability to send out telepathic messages which lure its prospects and sometimes make disciples.

Portraying a U.N. science-investigator who comes to Trollenberg to learn what's going on, Forrest Tucker tries hard to take the phenomena seriously. He is surrounded by a large cast, villagers, mountain-climbers and other tourists, which includes Jennifer Jayne and Janet Munro as a couple of sisters doing a mind-reading act. But the audience is so long in the dark as to which are the good guys and which the bad that the horrors pale long before the terrifying finale.

PERHAPS it is possible to have too much of a bad thing in a movie. The English have sent us an example in "Blood of the Vampire," a shudder item that belongs to the Frankenstein and Dracula school. It is set in Transylvania in the 1870's and 80's, and most of it takes place in a prison for the criminally insane run by a doctor (Donald Wolfit) who obviously should be an inmate. His experiments with blood tests are not exactly for squeamish audiences—and perhaps neither is the rest of the gruesome picture. The fact that it is well acted (the cast also includes Victor Maddern, Barbara Shelley, Vincent Ball and others) and that it is well photographed in color does not make its horrors any easier to take, especially since the effects are used mainly to accentuate the atrocities and blood.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

A CAUTIONARY TALE

MR. RICHARD NASH'S insistent parable of the pure in heart had behind it considerable resources of talent, persuasion and intent, not to mention fortune; yet the piece was withdrawn abruptly at week's end, with all concerned somewhat the worse for wear. "A Handful of Fire" was not, as it were, a genteel failure, not niggardly, but rather a calamity, large, gaping and absolute, the kind of misfortune over which Mr. Wolcott Gibbs used unctuously to linger "more in sorrow," and an exemplary, horrid paradigm of the futilities and confusions which give the American theater its peculiar profile of madness. At this green point of the season its folly and its fate make a cautionary tale.

Mr. Nash's public distinction rests on the tenderness and fresh feeling of "The Rainmaker," pleasures which

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have brought that play to the stages of literally every country in the Western world. All of his security is in the domestic and the humane, the shyly observed, the small in scale: excellences hardly to be despised. Beyond this, fatally, he is infected with the American passion for abstraction and large statement, an itch which has driven him to fashion out of the backwoods substance of "See the Jaguar," the urban sterilities of "Girls in Summer" and now this Mexican fable, intricate machines of symbolism, laboring to bring to birth, by ideational pressure, realities of a profound spiritual import. In this last play—a montage of wetbacks, brothels, political vice and moral ambiguity, all larded heavily with mystical sauce: baptismal waters, purple garments of suffering, indescribably vulgar juxtapositions of sacred and profane, and so on—it was an impertinent enterprise not less than disastrous.

In art, the reason for failure will always be an esthetic one and, more often than not, failure will be seen to imply some lesion of the reality principle: that law by which we recognize art's relation to reality as the greatest of all its questions. "A Handful of Fire" persuaded us to, or imposed on us, no kind of reality at all. Its language was a pattern of fictitious Mexican speech rhythms which would have embarrassed even the Cisco Kid. Its decor, by Mr. Jo Mielziner, was not only diffuse and without theater life, but inefficient. There was evidence of labor among the players, and of a certain attempt at images of a garrulous public life in Mr. Robert Lewis' direction, but all come to nothing. Miss Joan Copeland had not the requisite lyric quality as a village Magdalen, nor Mr. James Daly more than a greasy guile as a figure in whom all should have been magnetism, heat of pride and brutality. Mr. Roddy McDowall, the most brilliant of the American actors under thirty, carried several passages with his superb vitality, power of study and technical bravura. However, the role of a dim, dumb peasant, struggling towards the light, ran counter to the beat of Mr. McDowall's talent; intelligence, lucid and malicious, gleamed always in his eyes, mocking the part's substance.

It may be imagined, out of such a farrago of extraneous matter, disorder and violent confusion of demands, what small chance Mr. Nash had of making immanent the spiritual truth which presumably justifies "A Handful of Fire"—that love is a charity and recognition of imperfection, not to be thwarted by the egotism of our demands for purity: insights, I hasten to add, which have supported imposing works of the imagination. Yet his failure to give that truth an adequate body has involved Mr. Nash in public distress, and The Playwrights' Company in the loss of a great deal of money: neither event an amiable one. If he and his producers, as well as the whole of our theater, are capable of drawing wisdom from reflection on such misspent energies, the lesson might read like this: Do not traffic in images to which you can give no conviction of reality. Stay within the necessities of your talent: decidedly, the life you save may be your own. Above all, meditate on that unalterable axiom of all art, the truth, as Mr. Stark Young has it, that "to look up at the stars you must have and use a head, eyes, neck, backbone and feet, plus the ground under you; it is not a mere matter of your feeling inside you that you were looking up at the stars, as if a feeling were anything significant unless it achieves a form, a body in which it lives."

I write these lines in bleak certitude that the very next weeks will present massive documentation of their disregard. RICHARD HAYES.

OF NOTE

SONG, SACRED AND SECULAR

AN UNUSUAL commentary on group singing in the American labor movement and in American churches appeared in a recent issue of *Worship* (Collegeville, Minn.). The article, entitled "We're Gonna Roll," is by Edward A. Marciniak, of the Catholic Council on Working Life of the Archdiocese of Chicago, and is here slightly abbreviated.

My first union meeting, in 1937, was a mass rally for packinghouse workers in a large third floor hall above a saloon on the southeast edge of the Chicago stockyards. Every folding chair was occupied. Old men had come, mostly Poles and Lithuanians who didn't understand all the words from the speakers' platform but who liked the sound of what was going on. There were many Negroes among the six hundred persons in the hall, most of them young, desperate, and ready to do anything. The women were few. Nearly all were family men trying to stretch twenty-one dollar pay check across seven days.

It was not a cheerful audience. The workers listlessly applauded every strident blast against the "meat trust" and without vigor booed references to the bosses' stooges who were around. They were all there on serious business, at the risk of their jobs, to find out what chance this union had of succeeding where earlier ones had failed. But each man tried to hide himself in the faceless comfort of the crowd; numbers meant anonymity and security from the snooping eye of a company spy.

Even after ninety minutes of class-conscious oratory, the mood of the meeting remained suppressed and spiritless. The change finally came after a husky young organizer strode to the rostrum. (I learned later that he was the key Communist back of the yards.) He called

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upon the people to pick up the mimeographed song sheets on their chairs, and then, humming the tune of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic,* he asked them to sing:

When the union's inspiration through the
worker's blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere
beneath the sun,
Yet what force on earth is weaker
than the feeble strength of one?
But the union makes us strong.

After a wobbly first stanza, the chorus came out strong:

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the union makes us strong.

Next came a couple of popular songs with special words aimed against speed-up, low wages, and unjust firings. With each song, the volume grew louder and the voices richer.

Fifteen minutes later the six hundred voices had turned to hushed thunder as everybody stood up to sing:

We shall not, we shall not be moved,
We shall not, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

After this spine-tingling stanza, the atmosphere of the meeting had changed radically. Men who had sat next to each other for two hours without exchanging a word were now talking to one another, trying to spread a little courage, to share their new-found solidarity. Each man in his way had taken a stand, acknowledging his membership in the union even though he had not yet signed a membership card. Earlier only the men on the platform had felt this way.

When finally the rally had come to an end, and the six hundred who had become one body had left, I looked at the long rows of empty wooden chairs, each of which had once carried a goldenrod song sheet. There wasn't a song sheet now in the hall, not even on the floor. As each packinghouse worker had departed, he had carefully folded his song sheet inside a pocket to carry home as a "sacramental" of what had happened that evening. Ever since that day I've been convinced that the union would again have failed in unionizing the stockyards had it not been for the songs which helped those men to dream and to risk their jobs for it.

Since those fateful thirties, the singing in labor has steadily faded away. Calling upon union members today to sing would surprise them as much as asking them to vote for a wage cut. . . .

Only last year at a testimonial dinner for an important labor official, the piano player failed to persuade the union diners to join in a verse *We're Gonna Roll the Union On.* Only a handful of old-timers knew the words or the melody (based on an Old Arkansas spiritual). Then the pianist switched to *Solidarity Forever* and found a better reception. But the support was still feeble for such a large group. A quick check disclosed that nearly half the unionists were hearing labor's most famous song for the first time!

The decline of song in church and union has already had some recognizable effects. Most of the old-time union songs were based on revival hymns and spirituals. The men who wrote the songs loved their church hymns. They gave living witness to the truth of Dr. Eric Routley's observation that "Hymns are the folk song of the Church militant. They are essentially the people's music."

Nowadays the newer labor songs, few in number and seldom sung, are parodies of popular tunes borrowed from the juke box or barber shop. They suggest none of the Christian background so evident in early labor ballads and strike songs.

Mistakenly, some union officials tried to recapture some of the early organizing spirit by hiring entertainers (like Danny Thomas), concert artists (like Marian Anderson), and even symphony orchestras, to draw members more closely into the union. Some unions sponsored choral groups who sing before *other* organizations. Some published albums of labor songs. But they were poor substitutes for group singing to generate enthusiasm and militancy within the union, as union leaders soon discovered.

Haven't we learned this truth too well in many of our churches? Sunday morning choir concerts and paid soloists for special events have never been able to achieve the glorious solidarity of a congregation joined together in sung prayer. The sad state of song in the American labor movement parallels in many revealing ways the condition of community worship in our churches.

There is another lesson to learn from union members who don't sing anymore. The passing of song is both symptom and, in part, cause of a pernicious anemia in the labor movement. Commonly called "business unionism," it is better known as Dave Beck's brand of trade unionism. Its identifying traits are:

1) The retirement of "brother" as a form of address at union gatherings.

2) The separation of membership from the control of the union so that the union is never "we" or "us" but "it" or "they." (The union is the business agent, some second floor office, or the union hall—rarely "our union.")

3) Participation in union affairs gives way to the point where union members are merely spectators at a union meeting.

4) The union is regarded as a service station to provide hospital, unemployment, and pension benefits, to

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supply an annual wage increase, and to guarantee regular vacations and holidays. (As long as the union brings home the bacon for its members, no member is supposed to complain that the union is not democratically run or that he is snubbed in the formulation of union policy.)

5) Attendance at union meetings is embarrassingly poor except where a member's presence is made compulsory under penalty of fine or expulsion, or where at special times of the year contract negotiations turn out big blocs of members.

6) Union leaders are not interested in getting participation from the membership or in training and forming rank and file members to dedicate themselves to the affairs of the union.

7) Negroes generally are not welcome in the union hall and are encouraged to stay away or to join a "Negro local."

While these characteristics typify business unionism, they also might by analogy be said to describe aptly if somewhat awkwardly the parishes whose pews each day are lined with silent worshipers. (Merely substitute priest for union official, layman for union member, church for union, etc.) Viewed in this light, the problems faced by the liturgical reformer—even though radically different in their supernatural character—are not far removed from the social reformer. But there is little popular understanding of this point. In particular, those who pooh-pooh the importance of the liturgical movement have some lessons to learn from the fact that in less than two generations singing has all but vanished from union halls.

The problem is even much broader. What we have not yet begun to realize is that unless there is a *general* revival of folk singing in America, congregational singing of the Mass will advance slowly. This is a hard saying. (I am not arguing for the return of singing to union halls. Nor do I underrate the impact of flourishing community worship upon the revival of folk singing.)

But just as the Holy Spirit may have used the growth of democracy in the last two centuries to spur many Catholics to a fuller understanding of the laity's role in the Church, so the restoration of song to its rightful place in the praise of God may today be held in rein—to the devil's delight—by the waning of folk songs in America. By folk singing I don't mean college drinking songs or the night club variety sung by Burl Ives or Harry Belafonte. I mean the music hummed and sung by the people in their homes, at meetings and picnics, and during times of sorrow and joy. (In this respect many Protestants have a great treasure which we deny ourselves.)

Andrew Fletcher once observed that if a man could write the songs of a nation, he need not care who made the laws. America in 1958 is a nation without such songs. The liturgical and social action movements' great opportunity is to fill this silent void with ringing hosannas in the vernacular of the twentieth century. In doing so we would not only testify to Fletcher's insight into society but also, more importantly, realize the ideal longed for by Pope Pius XII:

"Let the full harmonious singing of our people rise to heaven like the bursting of a thunderous sea and let them testify by the melody of their song to the unity of their hearts and minds, as becomes brothers and children of the same Father."

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Wright's Continuing Protest

THE LONG DREAM. By Richard Wright. Doubleday. $3.95.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

THIS IS a novel throbbing with the same racial traumas that have done much to compel for its author a large interracial audience ever since *Native Son,* the classic Negro novel of social protest. That book appeared in 1940, and, judging by his latest, Richard Wright is angrier than he was then.

The color motif dominates all of Mr. Wright's novels to the extent that the social-historical context outweighs the literary. It is not only because *The Long Dream* is a more uneven work than the poignant *Native Son* that it is so disappointing. Hot with the fumes of an incendiary counterracism, it could not have chosen a less propitious time to be "timely." Certainly it is the most racist of all of this author's anti-racist fiction.

Richard Wright's work has in general been more race-conscious than social-conscious; its crusading timbre has helped to placard him for some as *the* spokesman of the American Negro. For the last ten years he has been in Paris, yet the time of this novel, which is set in the Black Belt of a fictive Clintonville, Mississippi, is exactly this past decade of his absence.

Besides taking Jim Crow in their stride, the Negroes in this story incur virtually every indignity and injustice known to their kind in fact or literature. Yet Wright is not martyrizing them nor exposing their forbearance to easy sympathy; he is deprecating their compliant submission as equivalent to conspiring in their own abasement. As he proceeds to hammer out his thesis, his writing, measured against its earlier attainments, registers loss in narrative sweep, gain in psychological acumen, with these factors operating at cross purposes.

Through the boy "Fishbelly," six when the novel begins, eighteen when it ends, the psyche of the contemporary Deep South Negro is explored; he is the chief medium for the almost incessant editorializing, which all too often entails scrubby prose like: "The emotionally devastating experiences . . . hung suspended in his psychological digestion like stubborn, cold lumps." Mr. Wright means to see that the niceties get home. There is even "aside" comment on dialogue directly following much of it, making it look staged; more is the pity because Wright is very strong on dialogue. Actually the pervading feeling is theatrical: Wright is always on top of his material, always at the top of his voice.

The onus does not wear well on the unfledged hero. Never in his speech and seldom in his behavior does Fishbelly substantiate the restive, questioning, introspective boy of the author's exposition. His "sensitivity" is not projected from himself, rather is imposed through the numerous abuses he suffers at white hands. In effect his white tormentors are the plot's activators, though they are seldom onstage and when so are no more than hypothetical actors. Thus the novel's focus is not the black-white conflict in itself but the divisions it creates within and among the blacks; and this is telescoped by the friction between the boy and his father.

Just as he is being brutally awakened to the ghetto reality in which the Negroes around him live, Fishbelly begins to see Tyree, his father, as he really is: a man desperately trying to buy a cynical respectability and independence from the white folks. An undertaker across the board—the only profession, he instructs his son, in which a "nigger" can be independent, because though they will eagerly lynch him no white will touch a dead nigger—and a trader in live flesh under the table, Tyree has become knowingly a thrall of the most unsavory elements of local white power, who cushion his pride with a wealth and influence unrivaled in black Clintonville, and palliate his conscience by posing as righteously realistic champions of his race.

Tyree has to be a shrewd playactor to bargain with his partner-owner, the chief of police, and he justifies his cringing and grimacing by observing that the whites can fathom and tolerate but two reactions from the colored: grinning and crying; by the same token the colored man must bend, migrate elsewhere or break, since there is only a white law and he can be hanged for so much as entertaining thoughts of rebellion. Nobody in Clintonville ever heard tell of an N.A.A.C.P. Tyree is an incisive characterization, sympathetically overdrawn. *The Long Dream* would seem to provide little insight on current U.S. interracial realities.

A Fine and Varied Talent

THE WORD IS LOVE. By Sister M. Maura, S.S.N.D. Macmillan. $3.

By JOHN LOGAN

DURING THE dozen years since her first book Sister Mary Maura's work has matured remarkably and it clearly deserves the notice of anyone who cares about contemporary American poetry. Sister Maura's art appears in some of the best literary magazines in the country, such as *Accent, Virginia Quarterly Review* and *Poetry*. She has long been familiar to the special audience of the Catholic Press, particularly to the readers of *Spirit,* where many of these poems appeared, including three of the most perfectly realized: "Secret," about the Eucharist; "Rosary Processional," a fine conventual piece; and "Navy Drill Yard: University Campus," a meditation on the changed situation (at the University of Notre Dame) after the war—when "only the students" were there to look out the windows

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Of the Fine Arts Building—
eyes running a ratline
To the crosstrees, to the
crow's-nest.
Ahab claws the morning light
for a sign
Of the white whale, and
Henry's little cabin boy
Stands reeling in his sleep. . . .

The latter poem shows some of Sister Maura's best gift and craft, her metaphoric invention, her control of assonance, caesura, enjambment, and her habit of seeing things *sub specie aeternitatis,* which for the poet includes the vision of things *in kind* and under a certain sense of literary tradition including its moments of high achievement, moments which he does not let intimidate him, but turns to his own use.

The Drill Yard poem also reflects Sister Maura's concern with war and its effects, a theme which touches the whole or part of six of the thirty poems in the book, the most important being the ambitious, ranging "Tourist in Dante," which gives a pilot's-eye view of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. "The spiritual battle is more bloody than any human one," Rimbaud wrote, and Sister Maura's feeling for battle wounds comes partially from the certain truth of this. It also issues from her observation of students.

Sister Maura herself teaches at the College of Notre Dame of Maryland where she is head of the Department of English. She is one of the best writing-teachers in the country if one can judge from the numbers of her students who place annually in the college competitions, such as the one sponsored by *Atlantic Monthly,* and who publish in the national press all manner of work running from short poems to full-length novels. The figure of the teaching nun appears behind a good half of the poems in the book.

There is also one entire section given to poems thematically related to life in the cloister. One of the longest of these, "Polyphony Conventual," shows some of Sister Maura's weaknesses—a tendency to carry her idiomatic, irregularly stressed lines too close to the norm of prose ("With voluminous renaissance sleeves rolled back/the sister leans over the child making paper hills") and an occasional lapse of ear, particularly with regard to the music of articulations. In the following passage the consonants are not well handled:

Alchemist, she has a private
(not written)
Book of Beasts snared from
psalm, exempla,
and churlish affinity of dear
flesh.

An ambitious earlier poem "Bird in the Hand" fails from this same musical fault ("The ponderous bequest of proverbs resigned to errata") and from a less prosaic difficulty also reflected in the line: a reliance on unusual adjective-noun pairs. These pairs when present in numbers give the look without the life of poetry: "incremental sunlight," "neophyte sheaths," "plummeting graph," "Careful arcade," etc.

One wants to note the delightful scene-recreation and humor of "Professor of Medieval Balladry," the strong, graceful Keatsian meditation on art and devotion (at Chartres) "Desire is a Falcon," and the labor of love and homage rendered the early American poet Edward Taylor in "Heritage."

Encountering a talent as varied and fine as Sister Mary Maura's, one wishes for her the reasonable extra risk, discipline and polish which would place her poems in the first ranks of new ones.

Towards An Anatomy of Love

BALTHAZAR. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.50.

By ROBERT GUTWILLIG

WHILE re-reading *Justine* in preparation for *Balthazar* (a program I heartily endorse), I was struck with the sense that it seemed a different book. Now that I knew what was going to happen and had discovered the characters' relationships to each other, I was free to observe and explore the strange and lovely rhythms of Mr. Durrell's language and of the densely populated city of his mind.

It could be cogently argued that *Justine* had not changed, that it was still the same evocative examination of the love-relationship of four people in Alexandria shortly before the Second World War, that it was I, the reader, who was different, had changed. This argument, though right as far as it goes, simply does not go far enough for Durrell, for as his characters say many times in both books, all things are true, nothing false. There is no one truth, only truths. All things change and are the same.

This, then, is the thematic pattern of the proposed tetralogy, the first three books of which will all report and interpret the events of one brief period, and only the fourth book will represent a step forward in time. In *Justine,* the unnamed narrator-protagonist, an Englishman, is brought up short in the midst of a love affair with Melissa, a tubercular Greek cabaret dancer, by his love for Justine, the beautiful and nymphomaniacal Jewish wife of Nessim, a Coptic millionaire. If all this sounds ridiculous, it very nearly is. After much perturbation and magnificent development of the characters and their city, the couples are re-aligned: the "I" and Justine propel themselves into a love that is lugubrious as it is lavish, and Nessim and Melissa, both nearly insane with jealousy and grief, turn convulsively to each other.

All this is by no means told chronologically—the book begins and ends some time later on a Mediterranean island where the narrator lives alone with the child of Nessim and Melissa, named Justine—but is rather peeled, like an onion, from all sides and surfaces. The story, which has harbored violence within it from the beginning, ends with a murder at a duck shoot (as vivid as Hemingway's or Turgenev's). Justine flees to Israel, the narrator retires, first to the desert and then to his island, Melissa

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dies, and the sensitive Nessim becomes gross.

In *Balthazar,* the onion peeling continues, and if the characters' and the reader's eyes tear that is Mr. Durrell's intention. Balthazar, a homosexual doctor and an initiate of the cabal, was an important character in the first book and here supplies an "interlinear" to the narrator's *Justine.* Balthazar contends that Justine did not love the narrator (now identified as Darley), but Pursewarden, an English novelist who committed suicide in the first book. Justine was using Darley as a screen to hide her love for Pursewarden from Nessim. If all this sounds complicated, it really is. Many of the events, relationships and emotions of *Justine* are reflected in pain, humiliation, sorrow but definitely not tranquility, and all the old characters are back in a variety of new poses and disguises.

Balthazar ends with a murder, too—another murder at a masked ball—and if the book is less moving and intense than its predecessor, it is still brilliant in its invention and settings and enormously funny. In Scobie, an old British sailor and homosexual, fetched up in the native quarter, Mr. Durrell has created a comic character of great absurdity and tenderness, and Pombal, the French diplomat and amorist, is only slightly less affecting.

The books can be read separately well enough, or even in reverse order, but I would hope that the reader would take them on in the order of the author's conception. It is an immeasurably rich experience, and *Balthazar,* for all its verbal and sexual excesses, becomes a noble companion-piece for *Justine.* Whether or not these books are novels, in any sense of the word, I am not really prepared to say. To a publisher any prose narrative over forty thousand words in length is by definition a novel. Thus, to their publisher, these books are novels. But it seems to me that if *Justine* and *Balthazar* are rightly novels, then Mr. Durrell has taken the novel places where it has never been before. And if for nothing else, we owe him our gratitude.

I believe he is attempting to create an anatomy of love for his time, and I believe he will succeed, for these books are flawed masterpieces—flawed by sentimentality and a decadence so thorough that it is often ludicrous. And yet I never ceased to suspend my disbelief in the action or the characters. They are different from you and me, grander in conception and in their sadness. For sadness is the dominant theme, and the anatomy of love becomes an anatomy of melancholy. In the end, I am reluctant to haul out, lubricate and crank up my rusty old critical apparatus. I will content myself with saying that I am looking forward to the other books in this tetralogy.

Prayer

THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Romano Guardini. Pantheon. $2.75.
PRAYER IN PRACTICE. By Romano Guardini. Pantheon. $3.50.

By WILLIAM PETREK

WE HAVE COME to expect theological acumen, psychological insight and literary ease of Monsignor Guardini's writing. All three qualities are quite evident in these two latest translations. Besides, *The Lord's Prayer* has an added indefinable that makes it something special.

In commenting upon the Lord's Prayer, the author is aware that he "joins an illustrious line which goes a long way back." He should be "daunted" by his predecessors and he is; yet he feels that the "words of revelation call each age to interpret them afresh." Guardini does this with an originality rarely found in "spiritual" books.

"Thy Will be done" is the key to his refreshing interpretation of a prayer which the attrition of time and religious monotony would threaten to deprive of all but perfunctory meaning. He shows throughout this book that it is this appeal to God's will which animates each of the seven petitions of the Our Father.

Thus, immediately, the meditator (for this is one of those books you

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do not just read) is situated in a Christian atmosphere. Spared weary preambula concerning "natural" religious attitudes, he can enter into each petition in a movement of faith. As he becomes familiar with the "mysterious nature of the Will of God" the exigency of love declares itself.

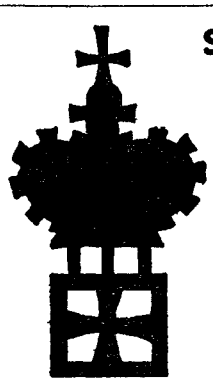
The Lord's Prayer educates the one who prays it to a concern for God's Will and reminds him that his responsibility lies both in prayer and in action. The first half of the prayer is an initiation into mysteries whose "otherness" wrests the Christian out of himself. Consequently, although the second half "speaks with such simplicity and clarity of everyday life," it is infused with a Christian transcendence that resists the anthropomorphic.

It would have been interesting to see some attention given to the substantial theory that Christ in teaching this prayer to his apostles imitated the structure of the *Schémoné-Esré,* the litany of intentions which opened the ancient Jewish synagogal service. Although perhaps out of place in a commentary of this kind, this would have helped to throw light on the structure of a prayer which, from a compositional point of view, would otherwise seem to be without ancestry.

Prayer in Practice does not have that "something special" but it is not to be summarily dismissed for that. In some respects its task is more demanding and this certainly is one of the reasons for its extreme looseness of presentation. The Christian climate appreciated in *The Lord's Prayer* is present but the whole discussion has a diffusiveness that weakens the impression it might leave. Of course, while this again demonstrates that writing about prayer is a difficult undertaking, the approach Guardini uses may be the one that best suits the wide diversity of the sentiments of man at prayer. Even the novice in prayer, as most of us are, will recognize some elements discussed in this work.

The author chose to limit himself to a treatment of personal prayer, even though he devoted a few pages near the end of his book to the liturgy. He is certainly justified in whatever limitations he prefers but still it is disappointing to see Guardini, a firm advocate of liturgical life, omitting treatment of the more basic forms of liturgical prayer as models for personal prayer. Such an introductory chapter would have given proper orientation to both the thought and the form of this volume. However, these qualifications of an appreciation of *Prayer in Practice* should not keep readers from it since there is so much in it that is far superior to the run-of-the-mill treatises on prayer.

Having read a few pages of either of these books, one returns to prayer renewed in intention. At moments, especially in *The Lord's Prayer,* you will find yourself engaged in prayer. This should be convincing recommendation.



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Changing India

INDIA CHANGES. By Taya Zinkin. Oxford. $5.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

TAYA ZINKIN, whose husband was a former Indian Civil Service official, is correspondent in India for the *Manchester Guardian,* the *London Economist,* and *Le Monde.* She knows her India. Her husband writes on Indian economic affairs, but Mrs. Zinkin's chief concern is with the Indians themselves: male, female, poor, less poor, old and young. She is ardently pro-Hindu, indeed wished to become one, but was told by a "great Hindu scholar" that "people should not seek solace in religions that do not belong to them." Her sympathy enables her to see the Indian village not as formless ("the street—that dawdling foot path which zigzags haphazardly from one rubbish heap to the next") but as quite rigorously organized. And to acquiesce happily in the "formidable tradition of caste" by which a Brahmin cannot eat with a lower caste, a barber will not take water from a leather worker, and Pandit Nehru's great-aunt "quite rightly" does not trust her great-nephew to observe the musts of his caste, because he always has a harijan (untouchable) as cook.

Mrs. Zinkin has, however, a most un-Hindu enthusiasm for birth-control. She describes the failure of the Bengal Government's attempt to inculcate an appetite for contraceptive knowledge by poster. "Half a poster showed the ruins of a dirty hut filled with ragged children and exhausted parents; the other half showed a neat cottage with a happy couple and two well-dressed children. The villager's response to the good example was 'Poor people, only two children.' The Government gave up posters."

She does her bit herself, however, to "enlighten" the Hindus, whose natural reaction when they are asked how many children they want is "Bhagwan Deta" (God gives). Mrs. Zinkin hopes to change that. "A child's life begins with the cer-

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tainty of being wanted," she writes, and when she punished her (only?) son, her native Indian household looked upon her as a beast.

She is frank about the cage district in Bombay, "where women are huddled three to five at a time in a cubicle caged off the street for their own protection. There sex can be had, without privacy, for five cents a time." She is frank, too, about the filth. Indian villages have "no sewage system, not even a trench latrine . . . flayed carcasses sometimes rot in the village itself, nobody seems to mind. In Northern India, even the sewage pits of individual houses may overflow into the street. . . ." And she is able to explain why the Government is having such a difficult time breaking down untouchability. Sweepers, for example, will remain untouchable in the towns as long as the disposal of night-soil is made by their hands: with these they sweep and then carry the refuse on their heads in little wicker baskets which leak.

Her emphasis, however, is on the changing aspect of Indian Life, and for her, these changes are all for the better. The Government and various other agencies, including the World Health Organization teams, are having some success with preventive medicine, disinfecting wells, spraying huts with D.D.T., and teaching women and children how to chase away flies. But Hindus will not kill flies or mosquitoes: one explained that "a mosquito is as much entitled to live as a man."

This book sheds fascinating light on the *kulak* problem—the problem of the rich peasant, who, as often or not, is forced into the position of money-lender. Reading Mrs. Zinkin, it is easier to understand the violence of Soviet methods of dealing with these. Her account, too, of a few days spent with Vinoba Bhave, the great preacher of Bhoodan ("gift of land") and of Sampattidan ("gift of wealth"), and of Gramdan ("gift of villages") is fascinating: "sixteen to twenty miles a day is his average. . . . After five miles I gave in." But she had experienced that "in detachment there is peace. One is not grateful to the sun for making it possible to see. Vinoba Bhave's presence is not required to maintain the kind of light he creates." And yet she does not think Bhoodan is the answer for India: she prefers the solution of Albert Mayer, an American, a prosperous architect, who initiated the Etawah Pilot Project, which has expanded to include 300 villages. Water, improved seeds, literacy, hygiene, tools are provided, demonstrated and distributed in the villages, and now Etawah's techniques are being "carried out all over India in modified forms." Mrs. Zinkin's conclusion is true indeed: "change, to be accepted, has to be collective."

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William Dunlea, a regular reviewer, is a New York critic.

John Logan, a poet and critic, is a member of the faculty at the University of Notre Dame.

Robert Gutwillig is the author of the novel *After Long Silence*.

Father William Petrek is head of the philosophy department at Holy Cross Seminary, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

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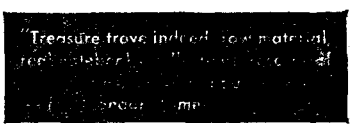

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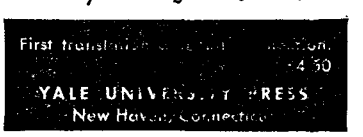

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Politics and Partisanship

The editors of The Commonweal are not personally interested in what people call partisan politics. We get no favors from any political party, and we want none. However, we do believe in certain political and social principles which cannot be kept in a vacuum. At this point in our national history, therefore, we make no secret of our conviction that the nation and the free world are not getting the leadership that is needed. And with a few honorable exceptions, we think this charge can be made against both political parties.

Who is doing the thinking in Washington—not just about today's problems but about the future? Who is judging disarmament proposals with an eye to the day when every small nation in the world may have the ability to wage H-bomb warfare? Is anyone planning now to meet the explosion that seems inevitable in the Middle East, or will we again be caught by surprise? Have we thought through what our stand on Germany will be when Chancellor Adenauer is no longer in power? or on Formosa after Chiang Kai-shek is gone? Has Washington lost its power to generate new ideas and to arouse the people to the challenge that confronts us?

We do not care whether the leadership that is needed comes from the Democrats or the Republicans or both, but we can criticize present failures in U.S. policy only in terms of the men who now hold power. Since the Republicans are now in command, this fact probably makes the occasional charge of partisanship inevitable, but we see no way this can be avoided without abdicating editorial responsibility.

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